



# THE WESLEYAN

*Autumn Number*





# THE WESLEYAN

*Ad Astra per Aspera*

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## Among the Contributors

An array of new talent awaits you in this first issue of the 1931-32 Wesleyan. We present poetry, prose, and drama much of which has been contributed by students not on the staff of The Wesleyan, some of whom have never written for publication before.

Miss Isabel Kinnett allows us to offer our readers her negro play, "Dar Dey Is." The drama gives a humorous and characteristic view of the domestic relations of the negro. A story dealing with an entirely different aspect of negro life is Miss Carolyn Bacon's "Sam."

Miss Ruth Cox offers us "Blizzards," a story from the old days in the Middle West. Miss Cox has frequently visited the locality of her setting.

A real stay-at-home story is that of Miss Hattie Mae Tankersley, "And He Proposed." The plot is laid here at Wesleyan. The dialogue is quite realistic, but not we trust, quite typical or quite comprehensive of the conversation of southern college girls.

Miss Betty Hunt, whose style is now well known to readers of The Wesleyan, offers in "Sea Blood" an old but beautiful theme, the same as that used by Synge in his "Riders to the Sea." Miss Hunt skillfully presents that same feeling of the inevitable, that same yielding to the innate tendencies which are too strong for youth to resist.

No introduction is necessary for Miss Modena McPherson's "God Takes a Holiday." We have no fear that such a story will go unread.

Among the poetry writers of the issue are Miss Edith Tarver, Miss Roberta Cason, Miss Ida Young, Miss Helen Flanders, Miss Frances Zachry, Miss Charmian Stuart, and Miss Virginia Miller.



## Foreword

*A*UTUMN—the very name has within it a deep, mystical promise. The season is a queer mixture of joy, sadness, and romance.

Wee folk love autumn despite the fact that it brings school, for the nuts are ripe, and the air is sparkling and fresh. The turkey is fattening and plans are being made for the Great American Feast. Youth loves autumn with its football games, gay house parties, and the ghostly pranks of Hallowe'en.

But most of all the aged love the fall of the year. It seems as though they understand each other—the aging year and the aging human, both a lovely, mellow echo of a young, stirring battle march. They share with autumn that secret of being more beautiful each day.

And God loves autumn. One only has to look at her to learn that. She stands erect, proud, adorned in Nature's most radiant garb, the glory of God shining within and about her. Autumn—another gift of God in order that this world may be better for mortals.



## Dream Boat

By IDA YOUNG

*There's a ship that sails the horizon  
Like a galleon gay of old,  
Painted with sunsets bold shadings  
In rich, rare red and gold.  
And the waves out there on the ocean  
Laugh in their wild, mocking glee  
"Aha, old ship, you are lost, you are gone,"  
They shout in derision at me.  
And the ship slips away into blueness,  
Glides on into eternity,  
Is lost between ocean and sky  
In the steely blue breast of the sea.  
Then the waves in a maddened frenzy  
Leap high and rise and fall,  
Till their foam flickered crests  
Match the sea gulls' breasts,  
And wildly they shout out their call.  
High they dance on the strip of the beach  
Luring, enticing me on,  
Enraged by my failure to follow  
Pleading still then gone.  
Old sea, its my dream boat that's gone  
As dream boats have gone out before  
And I must stay back to welcome it in  
When tomorrow shall send it ashore.*

# Sam

By CAROLYN BACON

"I look ovah Jo'dan an' whut does I see—

Comin' fo' t' carry me home?  
A ban' ob angels comin' a'ter me—

Comin' fo' t' carry me home."

The plaintive melody floated out on the frosty air as Sam crooned the old spiritual while he tugged at the heavy walnut logs which he was helping load on the long wagons. The regular beats of axes plied by the slaves on trees not far away furnished a rhythmical accompaniment to his throaty baritone.

"Hey, you, Sam!" The Negro's song was interrupted by a large, unkempt man in a bungle-some overcoat and slouch hat who came from the direction of the house, pulling heavy gloves on his bulky hands as he walked. "How long d'ya think we've got t' load them logs? It's good fi'e mile t' town, an' it'll soon be nine o'clock. Get a move on there, you damn niggers, or I'll give ya a lash for every minute ya waste!"

"We's hurryin' jes' as fas' as we kin, Marse Sloan," Sam explained, "but it's so cole."

"Well, that don't matter. The faster you work, the warmer you'll git, so hurry up. Here Dave, help Sam with this log." He kicked the great trunk with an enormous foot.

"Ef you'll ketch holt ov th' udder en' an' ef Bram'll git in de middle ye kin h'ist it up all raght," Sam directed his helpers.

The three Negroes fastened firm grips on the rough log and exerted all their strength to raise it to the level of the wagon where three other slaves were



waiting to set it in position atop two similar trunks.

"Three'll be all we kin carry, I guess," Mr. Sloan grunted. "Hitch up the team, Sam, and call me when you're done. I'm goin' down here t' see how these fools are comin' with their choppin'."

He stalked off, and Sam watched him with disapproving eyes. A cold day it was, and his feet ached from standing in the snow for so long, but he must go now to hitch the team to the well-loaded wagon, for he knew the penalty that would be inflicted for disobedience.

As he turned, a Negro boy of perhaps eight years ran to him and grinned broadly up into his face, displaying an even row of white teeth.

"Kin I go wid ya t' take de lawgs, daddy?" he inquired.

"Naw, Bufo'd, Marse Sloan he gwine go. An' anyway it too cole fo' you. I'se mos' freezin' now."

He shivered visibly and drew the collar of his rather thin coat a bit more closely about his throat, then started toward the stable with Buford at his heels. Together they hitched two sturdy horses to the wagon, Sam continuing to sing as he worked.

"All right, Marse Sloan," he shouted at length. "We's ready t' go." Then he climbed upon the wagon and waited for his master.

The journey to the village was a long one, and the cold, biting wind and occasional stinging snowflakes made it most painful. Mr. Sloan was sullen and silent during the first part of the trip.



and except for the creaking of the wagon wheels, Sam's horses plodded on, tugging at their load.

Sam's feet, already cold from standing in the snow so long while he was helping load the logs, grew numb and ached dreadfully; his ears felt like two great lumps of lead stuck on the sides of his head as an afterthought of his creator. He craved someone to talk to. That would make the hours pass so much more quickly. How he wished he could have brought Buford!

Suddenly, the white man at Sam's side noticed something which immediately brought his anger to white heat, and, turning on the startled Negro, he threw out a hand toward the team.

"What'd ya hitch that hoss to this wagon for, you fool? I told you to use Queen with Rose to pull this load, didn't I?" he shouted.

"Yassuh, Marse Sloan, I knows ya tole me dat," Sam was trembling with mortal fear of the man who struck horror to his very soul, "I knows ya said dat, but Queen she slip on de ice yestiddy an' hurt her laig an' she cain't pull sich a load as dis yit."

"She can't, eh?" The man glowered down upon him. "Well, why didn't you tell me that she'd fell an' hurt herself? You was afraid I'd whip ya, wasn't ya?" His eyes narrowed and his lips curled with anger. "Yes, an' I will, too. You damn coward, you black dawg!"

His fury was increasing steadily, and Sam dared not say a word in his own behalf. His eyes were fastened in a stupefied stare on the rage-distorted face of his master.

"I'll teach ya not to tell me what happens t' my own hosses, damn ya! By Gad, I will." And his clenched fist struck the terrified Negro on the temple and sent him backwards from the wagon to the frozen earth below where he lay in a crumpled heap.

"Stay there a while, you dawg," his master, standing upright atop the logs

in his frenzy, hurled back at him. "Freeze to death or walk back to shelter. I don't care what happens to ya!"

And the wagon rattled away, leaving Sam lying wounded and helpless in the snow.

\* \* \* \*

"It'll feel bedder a'ter while, Daddy," Buford was saying as he stroked Sam's throbbing forehead. "Jes' res' an' sleep, an' yo' back'll git well all raght, it will."

But the child was wrong.

\* \* \* \*

The snow had melted, the ground had thawed, the cold winds had ceased—winter had been followed by spring, and spring, in its turn, had given way to summer before Sam could leave his bed. His back, broken in the fall from the top of the loaded wagon to the ice-crustured earth below, would never be straight again.

The man who had brought all this pain and suffering upon Sam would ever be his direst enemy. It would always be torture to have to continue to endure his insults and his stinging taunts, but Sam was his property as much as any of his horses or cattle and had no choice but to remain on the plantation. Hatred filled his heart, hatred springing from the wrong which had been done him and nurtured by the realization that he would always be dependent on the object of his hate.

"Daddy," Buford came running up to him one day, "Marse Sloan got snakebit down to the pastuh. Whah's some tu-p'n-time what I kin take him to put on his laig?"

"Snakebit?" Sam echoed pensively.

"Yeh. He wuz ho'pin' 'em pitch hay on th' wagons an' a gyartah snake poke his haid out'n de woods an' bite him. An' he jes' holluh loud as he kin," Buford grinned with delight, acting out the scene for Sam's especial benefit.

"Well, Marse Sloan cain't have none o' my tu-p'n-time," Sam remarked sullenly after a moment's thought. "You didn't really want t' take 'im any, did ya?"



His eyes searched the boy's face frantically.

"Naw. Daddy, but he said for me t' come up heah an' tell you t' sen' 'im some, an' I was skeered not t' do it, cause he'l whip me same lak he whipped Bram for sassin' him yestiddy." The wideness of the pickaninny's eyes bespoke the horror he felt in the thought of such a punishment.

Sam relapsed into his sullen mood, his hatred of his master surging over him in an overpowering wave.

"Come heah, Bufo'd," he commanded the child in a stern voice. "Come heah an' stan' between mah knees an' let Daddy tell ya somethin'." He put his hands affectionately on the child's shoulders and looked out over the meadow before he began.

"Ya know how cole it wuz las' wintah' boy? Th' snow an' th' ice an' th' win'? All th' groun' frez up tight an' got hard same lak rocks. 'Twaz cole, wa'n't it? An' when th' win' blew amongst th' tree lim's whut didn' have no leaves, it hooded an' zizzed, didn' it?"

The boy's eyes were fixed on his father's face in a sort of bewildered gaze; his ears were strained to catch every word.

"Uh, huh," he said, pressing his elbows against his ribs and drawing his shoulders up as he remembered the biting wind and the driving snow.

"But 'twuz colder'n that fo' yeahs ago when Marse Sloan hit me off'n de wagon an' broke mah back. He lef' me lyin' in de snow so's I couldn't move. You knows dat, don' ya, boy?" Again his eyes searched the childish face.

"You ain' nevah seen mah naked back, is ya? You knows it's crooked 'stid o' bein' straight same lak yourn dough, don' ya? It's bent, Bufo'd, bent jes' lak dat arboh whut de grapes grows on, an' it won' nevah be straight no mo'. Look heah," pulling his shirt over his head and revealing his bare back to the child, "putt yo' han' on dat hump an' rub it hard."

Taking the child's hand in his own, Sam rubbed it back and forth over the enlarged hump on his back several times, pushing the flesh into great wrinkles by the strength of his strokes.

"Marse Sloan, he did dat. He made mah back all crooked when he hit me off'n dat wagon an' driv off an' lef' me in de snow. Dat's whut he done, Bufo'd. You knows dat, don' ya? Cause you 'members when Marse Tom Jenkins brung me home in his wagon late dat af'ernoon, don' ya?"

"Marse Sloan he a weeked man, Bufo'd," Sam continued, looking straight into the child's wide eyes. "He a weeked man, an' Gawd don' love weeked peepul, cause dey don' pent o' deir tran'gression an' don' ask de Lawd to fo'give dem fo' dey sins. Marse Sloan don' as Gawd to 'scuse he tran'gressions, Bufo'd, cause he too weeked an' he don' care whiever Gawd love him o' not. You knows dat, don' ya? Dat's why dat snake done bit him on de laig while he wuzz pitchin' hay in de pastuh today. Yassuh, fo' Gawd dat's why dat snake done bit 'im. Gawd sent dat snake to bite Marse Sloan jes' like He sent de snake whut tole Eve t' eat de apple in de Gyahden ob Eden. An' when dat snake crawl up to Marse Sloan an' bite 'm on de laig, dat wuz de way Gawd took t' say, 'You is weeked. Marse Sloan, an' you don't 'pent o' yo' tran'gression.' Dats de way He done it, Bufo'd."

Sam nodded slowly to emphasize his words and impress their truth upon the mind of his son in whose heart there must be no love for the man he himself had grown to hate.

"An' when Gawd come in an' say to Marse Sloan, 'You is weeked,' us cain't drap in an' sen 'im no tu'p'time t' putt on dat dere snakebite t' ho'p it t' git well, can we? Cause den we'd be weeked an' sinful same lak Marse Sloan is. Ya mus' keep 'way f'um dat bad man, Bufo'd. He whut broke yo' daddy's back am standin' in de vengeance ob de Lawd, an' you mus' he'p de Lawd punish 'm, you mus'. You mus'n' lak nobody whut Gawd



don' lak, an' Gawd don' lak Marse Sloan, an' someday He gwine burn him up wid fiah cause he am so weeked."

By this time Sam's ardor over his master's inevitable damnation had mounted to such a pitch that he was fairly shouting, and jumping up, he grasped the shirt which he had pulled off and waved it wildly above his head. Clinging to Buford with the other hand, he danced about in a grotesque and fantastic manner, all the while muttering in a plaintive chant, "De Lawd gwine burn Marse Sloan wid fiah cause he am weeked. He make de snake come an' bite 'im on de laig an' He gwine to'rtue him wid plagues same lak Moses brung on Pharaoh cause he don' 'pent o' he tran'gressions. Oh, Lawd, Lawd! He'p us t' punish Marse Sloan, too. Learn us to make him sorry fo' he sins. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Praise be to de Lawd an' all He muhcies! Praise Gawd, praise Gawd!"

And continuing his wild dancing and his insane leaping, Sam suddenly broke into the strains of a song he had sung once before—four years before: "I look ovah Jo'dan an' whut does I see, comin' fo' t' carry me home—."

\* \* \* \*

The ensuing years passed slowly and somewhat laboriously for Sam, and they were chiefly occupied by two things—the patient and careful nurturing of his hatred for Mr. Sloan on the one hand and the rearing of his son to know a similar hatred for the man on the other.

Sam's infirmity had caused him to age more rapidly than the other slaves had done, and though he should still have been in the prime of his life, he was in reality an old man.

Buford had reached the age of twenty, and every fiber in his stalwart frame was burdened with abomination for his master. His father had reared him tenderly and had lavished all his love upon him. The very contrast between the kindness and affection shown him by the aging negro and the cruelty and heartlessness which characterized Mr. Sloan's dealings

with him made his hatred the more fervent. There existed one great difference between Sam's dislike for his master and that of Buford: Sam's loathing of the man was cultivated; Buford's had been taught him by his father and was as mechanical and involuntary as it was powerful.

Winter had come upon the Kentucky plantation for the twelfth time since Sam had passed through the experience which left him a permanent cripple. The trees had again grown bare and black, the skies were cloudy and threatening, chilling winds swept snowflakes across the barren fields, and icicles hung like crystal pendants from every eave.

The day had been set aside by the master of the plantation for cutting ice for storage in the ice house, and in accordance with his commands, the slaves had harnessed teams and wagons and driven them to the edge of the pond where they were to be loaded with the blocks of ice.

Mr. Sloan had chosen Sam and Buford to work with him on the frozen surface of the water in cutting the ice, while other slaves had been designated to push the blocks across the pond to the edge of the land where still others were to load them into the wagons.

The work was continuing rapidly, and several wagons had already left the pond and gone to the ice house to deposit their burdens and return for other similar ones.

"Bufo'd," Bram called suddenly, "come heah an' ho'p us wid dis block ob ice. You is strongern we is, an' we caint git it up on de wagon by ourse'ves."

Buford, dropping his tools and hurrying to lend his assistance at the scene of the difficulty on the farthest shore of the pond, left Sam and Mr. Sloan alone. Sam's waning strength was not of much aid in cutting and lifting the blocks, so it became necessary for Mr. Sloan to do the greater part of it alone, a thing which he did with many oaths.

In some way while he was tugging at one of the blocks in an effort to loosen



it, he lost his foothold on the slippery ice and without warning slid into the water from which the surface ice had already been cut.

"Sam, Sam," he yelled frantically as he slipped from the edge of the crust and was submerged in the water beneath.

Sam, being the only one near, was the only one to save him. Immediately he realized his predicament. The man who had brought a blight upon his whole life was drowning. In a flash he recalled all the suffering that he had endured because of the ungovernable temper of this man; he remembered the hatred for him which he had so carefully cultivated in his own nature and instilled into the character of his son; the memory of the way he had cursed him because of his wickedness came back to him; he thought of all the taunts and insults which this brute had hurled at him; and for one second he waged a battle in his mind. His self-instilled hatred for the man told him to let him die as punishment for all the suffering he had caused; his natural goodness urged him to do what he could to save him. His grave physical disability never occurred to him as a drawback to his success in accomplishing Mr. Sloan's rescue.

After a moment's mental conflict in which his whole life passed in bold relief before his bulging eyes, Sam dived into the icy depths and grasped the body of the man he had taught himself to loathe.

The sudden coldness of the water took away his breath, and he gasped in an effort to recover it, his brain reeled, his legs would not move, blackness was settling over him. With the last ounce of his failing strength, Sam raised the man so that he could grasp the edge of the ice and draw himself up to safety. The effort was almost superhuman, but it was successful.

When Mr. Sloan was out of danger, he turned to look for his rescuer, but only his own reflection in the blackness of the frigid water stared back at him. Then, before he lost consciousness, he remembered a day twelve years before when, in a fit of rage, he had dealt Sam the blow which had broken his back.

And somewhere on the other side of the pond a slave was singing in a plaintive, throaty baritone:

"I look ovah Jo'dan an' whut does I see,  
Comin' fo' t' carry me home?  
A ban' ob angels comin' a'ter me,—  
Comin' fo' to carry me home."

(The End)



#### WEARY

Come, Death, kind mother  
Sing me to sleep;  
I'm tired of this plaything, life  
And can but weep.

This world's circus tent with its clowns  
and actors  
Is empty show;  
I'd like to say my evening prayer.  
Then rest to know.

Elfin forms come to torment me;  
Shapes distorted, eerie  
Come, tuck me in; kiss me good night  
For I am weary.

—Helen Flanders, '33.



## Sea Blood

By BETTY HUNT

It had been like a nightmare—this coming back.

Belle-Marie sat alone, thinking over her carefully planned life and the possible effects of this unforeseen crisis, the death of her sister, which had brought her home. She tried to make herself believe that it would mean nothing—this returning to the place of her birth, but—

Carefully Belle-Marie reviewed again the facts in her life. She saw her father, gruff, brusque, and tender. She recalled how she had adored him—how she had sat on his knee and run her tiny fingers through his thick, red beard while he told her fascinating tales of life on a silver sailboat surrounded by a blue sea. Oh, he had loved Belle-Marie, his youngest child; he had named her after his favorite ship. Yes, he had loved her in his shy, gruff way.

She remembered how one day he had gone off, carrying her on his shoulder as far as the water's edge. Then half-ashamed at his seeming weakness, he had blown her a shy good-bye kiss. He had never come back. That had been her first tragedy. It had instilled in her a fascinating horror of the sea. It had given her a morbid sense of impending misfortune which she had never overcome.

Rather this sense of the inevitable had been augmented by the ensuing fates of her four brothers. One by one, she had seen them go off and not come back. John had been swept into the sea over the gunwale; Tom had been frozen at his steering-post; Paul had gone down when his ship had struck an iceberg; and Mac just hadn't returned.

In the meantime she had married Jean Claudet, a Frenchman already married to one wife, the sea. But they had been happy together. Their love had been pure and fresh. Then he too had disappeared—shot in a mutiny aboard ship. That was

two months before the birth of their child. All the men in her life, it seemed, had been claimed by that inexorable monster, the sea.

When her child, little Jean, had been born, she had fled with him to the interior—fled away from that horrible something that terrified her, from that exacting other wife of her husband. She was determined that her boy should not march to his death to the same tune to which his fathers had marched.

And so she had reared him. She, Belle-Marie Claudet, born with salt water in her veins, had sent her boy to a country school she kept him in the backwoods away from all suggestions of the water. She had carefully censored all his reading, probed all his thoughts, and watched all his reactions. And she had succeeded in repressing in him his natural lust for the sea. He had decided to become a doctor, and she was going to send him to college next year.

Then her sister had died and she had been forced to return, bringing Jean with her.

With that she completed her worn circle of thought. Around and around her mind had been whirling all afternoon. And always the circle ended with her trying to convince herself that she had really stamped out in her only son the desire for dangerous adventure—that his careful environment had really blotted out this innate urge. But not yet had she been able to assure herself that this was a fact.

At this point in her train of thought, someone loomed up in the doorway, and Belle-Marie received a sudden impression of her father. There were the eyes, blue as the ocean itself; there was the breadth of shoulders; there was the copper-colored hair; there was the tender gruff-



ness; and there, above all, that twang of salt air. It was Jean.

Like a cool ocean breeze, he entered the room with a smile on his face, and, like his grandfather again, half ashamed of his seeming weakness, he leaned down and gave his mother a shy kiss. Then he sat down and began to talk enthusiastically.

"Belle mother, I have been to the most fascinating place," he told her. His words rushed out like a released torrent of happiness. "I was down at the docks all the afternoon watching the ships come in."

Belle-Marie closed her eyes for a second. She had a strange, wild clutching at her heart. She felt as though she were sinking, sinking into a dark hole, and her carefully constructed world was falling in on top of her. But she opened her eyes and forcefully pushed the sensation away. She must not let Jean know that she was suffering; she must not let him know how he was hurting her. She must act rational, nonchalant, and she must, she just must make him stop going to those dreadful docks. That was the one concrete fact in all this chaos.

"Why, Jean," she finally answered, surprised at the firmness of her own voice. "What in the world made you go to such a place? Why should you waste your time piddling around the wharves? I am sure you could make much better use of your time if you spent it at the library studying some for next year."

Jean opened his mouth to answer her and closed it without speaking. He got up and walked to the window. Looking at his broad, comfortable back, Belle-Marie tried to believe that she had won him over from a stand that he did not even realize he had taken. She tried to imagine that she had brought him to her side---that he would be content.

She could not see the strange light in his eyes as he gazed out of the window, watching the moving lights of a steamer as it slowly wound its way down the river to the sea.

\* \* \* \*

The rhythmic clank of steel shovels

mixed with the crunching grind of anthracite coal rose from below the wharf. Half naked negroes were singing a soothing, throaty accompaniment to their labor as they mechanically stored the hold of a large steamer with fuel. The sweat covered bodies of the stevedores glistened in the hot sun as they plied their shovels to and fro in perfect time.

There was something haunting---something strangely familiar in the whole scene, it seemed to Jean, as he sat and watched. It seemed to him as though somewhere before, he had undergone this same experience---as though in another life he had sat there in this same spot and had the same hungry feeling at his heart. Somehow he didn't understand it. It was as though he wanted something but he couldn't tell what it was.

He had imagined at first that the peculiar sensation was due to the fact that secretly he was not obeying his mother's wishes---that he was coming daily to sit on the pier and dream strange dreams when it was clearly contrary to her desires.

And the dreams he dreamed! When a ship sounded its plaintive note of farewell, Jean saw swimming before his eyes strange lands and peoples. Countries studied in his school geography became as vivid as the red river water in front of him.

He saw the winding streets of Genoa paved with their rough, gray cobblestones. He saw swarthy Italians, wearing brilliant bandanas, trudging up and down these narrow alleys.

Again it was Africa which flashed across his mind. Africa with its combination of fezes and turbans, its dusky sultans, and its lazy camels, its languorous dancing girls and its sultry skies.

Or perhaps it was China he visioned---the country of the dragon. Then he pictured repressed, ignorant coolies, pungent-smelling opium dens, crafty, unscrutable glances, and silver-handled knives thrust at one's back. Dark lanterns, street fighting, mutiny---all had their



place in his dream-vision of this mysterious country.

Or the Philippines—now and then he got a sudden vivid impression of these islands. Tall feathery palms shimmering in a lazy breeze—the soft warm ocean lapping caressingly at a sun-kissed beach—and on that golden strand, girls with coffee-colored skin and flashing teeth, crooning haunting, rhythmic melodies.

And as a foundation for these visions there was always the sea that he would have to cross. The sea in all its varied moods—peacefully still beneath the coves and inlets of a rock-bound Californian coast—fearful and threatening farther north—calling, cajoling, commanding.

What was this thing—the sea? Why did it have such a powerful influence? What was there about the ocean that attracted Jean against his will almost?—that made him want to rebel against his sturdy upbringing—his sheltered home?

Perhaps it was the adventure the sea had to offer.

Adventure! He jumped at the word. Therein lay the charm that the docks held for him! Promises of life at its fullest—of choicest incidents, gleaned from the best the world had to offer. That was what entranced Jean—what held him enthralled, watching the ships slowly steam up the river, deposit their cargoes, and quietly slip out to the sea again.

He still had the feeling that he wanted something, needed something to make life complete for him, but now he knew what it was he wanted. He still had that hungry nagging at his heart, but now he knew what called it forth.

\* \* \* \*

Belle-Marie had missed Jean. He had gone off early and hadn't returned. She had wondered what his destination was, but when he hadn't volunteered any information, she had refrained from being inquisitive. Of course, he must have intended going to the city library. Why certainly, that was where he must be. There was much information there that would

be valuable to him later on—and he was thirsty for knowledge.

But with an unaccountable shudder, Belle-Marie recalled the Jean of early morning. She remembered the furtive, haunted look in his eyes—the nervous way he had jumped when the cat knocked its milk over. He hadn't spoken much; there had been a faintly familiar far-away look in his eyes, as though for the first time his world was too entirely separated from hers.

Oh, she had noticed a change in him. Gradual as it was, she had felt that he was drawing away from her. She realized that where she had put her arms around Jean before, she could now reach him only with her finger-tips. But she had known that this would happen; the very odor of the salt air was bound to have such an influence on a child of hers.

There was only one thing for her to do; she had no alternative. She must take Jean and flee back to the place where she had, up until now, kept him safe—where she had sheltered him for nineteen happy years, away from that terrific monster, the sea. Haste! She must hurry! Panic seized her. She got up to go to Jean's room. She would pack his clothes so that all would be ready for departure when he came back.

At the door, she stopped. A cry died in her throat before it was born. There from the table a piece of white paper stared up at her. It laughed at her, mocked her, as it fluttered in the breeze. Oh how horrid the thing looked—how pale, how ghastly white.

Without realizing what she was doing, Belle-Marie slowly moved across the room and picked the letter up. The words screamed out at her.

"Darling Belle-Mother:

"I know you will understand, for you always do. I have gone away. A Captain Marshall has given me a place as stoker on his ship, and since he promises me chance of promotion, I have decided to accept his offer.

"I don't see how I can leave you; I



love you so much and you have been so good to me. But something is pulling me—something stronger than myself. It is all a puzzle to me, but I just have to go.

"Try to understand.

"Always yours,

JEAN."

Try to understand! Try to understand! Try to understand! That phrase kept repeating itself dully on her mind. Always yours! Ha! Always hers? What irony—always her. Rather never hers! Never had he been wholly hers. Although apparently so, there had always been that taint in his veins—always that answer had been in his blood, merely waiting for the old, old call.

All the world, all the happiness she had built up around her amounted to exactly nothing. All that she could ever do would

amount to exactly nothing. The sea was still the same inexorable master—it still exacted its tithe, and all defense against it was like a plaster wall, easily destroyed by a storm, easily crumbled by the damp of the sea.

Try to understand! Try to understand! Oh, she didn't have to try to understand—she understood already. It was because she understood that she had taken Jean away. It was because she had been born with comprehension in her very soul, that she had reared him far away from blue sea water and hot ocean skies. Oh yes, she understood. How well she understood!

Slowly she crushed the paper in her hand, hearing in its rattle the gong of inevitable doom. Jean had gone off early and hadn't returned. An ironic tear splashed down on the inked word "yours."



### DREAM FIRES

The red coals glow like the fire in my  
heart,

Merrily they wink at me.

They are my dreams, my wildest schemes,  
Aghast now they blink at me.

Then a fire sprite gay licks the smoking  
log

With a flaming tongue of blue,

And the smoke curls high while the red  
sparks fly,

And my wild dreams gain strength anew.  
But the flame sprite dies and the embers  
pale,

Slowly they fade to gray

Till the ashes there hold my dreams so  
fair

In the arms of yesterday.

—Ida Young, '33.



# The Fashion Pendulum

By KATHRYN SILKNITTER

How is the modern young lady going to enter the ant-like door of an Austin car if she is wearing a bustle?

And what is the young lady in question to do with the billows and billows of dress, known as a train, while bumping over the road in a rumble seat?

Those are questions confronting the young girls of today! The autocrats of fashion, sitting in that rose and gold land of Paris, have decreed that we shall wear bustles and trains in the near future. And when Paris decrees, who among us raises even the tiniest dissenting voice?

Bustles may have been all right for the old-fashioned maid of 1860, but just how will they fit into the modern girl's rather hectic life. The lady of long ago could climb very gracefully into a carriage and still retain her dignity and pose. But it would take the combined efforts of the world's renowned mathematicians to solve the problem of getting such a young lady wedged into the door of an Austin!

Today we are prone to poke fun at bustles and to laugh at the absurdity of wearing them, but wasn't it just a few years ago that we would have smiled at the idea of donning a dress caressing the floor, or leg of mutton sleeves, as well as the Empress Eugenie hats?

There have been martyrs for almost every cause under the sun and the fashion martyr is no exception. Let's reserve a place in the Hall of Fame for the girls who first walked down town, balancing one of the new felt and feather concoctions, better known as a hat, on her head. It did take a dash of courage and a bit of bravado.



The proper way to wear the hat is to elevate it at a ninety degree angle, then make it droop exactly over the right eye. The feathers can't be distinguished from your favorite duster, or a bunch of confetti and they can point in any direction—north or south, east or west. Although it is most annoying when the feather insists on pointing to the neck.

One glance at an old daguerreotype of Aunt Susie or Cousin Mary three years ago and we would have laughed heartily. We looked at her long clinging skirts and wondered

how she managed to walk and asked if she really had feet or were they merely myths.

We looked at her leg of mutton sleeves and remarked that they looked like a big bubble about to burst. And the atrocious little affair resting so precariously on head—that was simply impossible.

And now what a laugh Aunt Susie and Cousin Mary would have if they saw us struggling with the long skirts with one hand and desperately clutching the hat with the other and secretly hoping we won't meet anyone we know.

The fashion pendulum has swung back.

Exit the flapper; enter the poised modern young lady of today!

With the wearing of the new clothes, the girls have had to change their coiffure, their walk—even their personality.

Gone is the flapper with her hair cut that either looked like a shingled roof or else was a duplicate copy of her brother's. Gone are her jerby, nervous movements as if she were a puppet pulled on a string.

And now may we present the cool,



poised young woman termed as the modern girl of 1931!

Flapper! A word synonymous with the crashing of cymbals, the blare of trumpets, a chaotic jumble of reds and yellows, shrill voices—

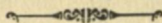
The modern girl! Synonymous with the sweet, poignant strains of an orchestra, moonlight drenched nights, air laden with the odor of jasmine, a little nose-gay—

What an effect the new fashions have had on the members of the opposite sex!

They are even willing to repeat the Sir-Walter-Raleigh act. It's easy for a man to spread his coat for a gracefully clad girl to tread on. But imagine throwing down one's coat for a short-skirted flapper to hop across!

In a world brimful of harsh reality and cold facts what a relief to find a tinge of romanticism, an awakening of the glamorous spirit of the ages past.

So although they may be "a la grand mother," let's welcome the hats, the long dresses—and even the bustles and trains.



#### TRYSTING PLACE

My soul has a trysting place  
Known only to the dawn!  
'Tis on the highest crag of a rocky peak  
Where the dawn climbs first into my soul;  
'Tis in a tiny hut  
Where the dawn finds early kindly deeds;  
'Tis in the heart of a friend  
Where always there glows beauty and  
strength;  
'Tis in the speech of my fellow-men  
When their thoughts gleam like the life-  
giving dawn;  
'Tis in the fragrance of a rose . . .  
Dew-kissed in the garden,  
Or crushed in the book of precious memo-  
ries;  
'Tis in a tiny country churchyard  
Where the Spirit of Dawn keeps vigil  
With the eternally living dead;  
'Tis in the soul of music  
Where the beauty of the dawn walks all  
day;  
'Tis in all of life wherein dwells  
Beauty, and hope, and love.  
My soul has a trysting place!  
'Tis in the Spirit of the Dawn.

—Roberta Cason, '32.



## God Takes a Holiday

By MODENA McPHERSON

Out of total darkness she had come to him; like first violets to dank old woods, like starlight to night-wrapped earth, like the wetness of an April shower to parched grass—so to his hunger had come this flashing, laughing, vibrating young thing with Gypsy blood flushing her skin. Always he had been starved, always he had wanted, and suddenly she had appeared, lighting his darkness like a fairy flame, and satisfying his hunger with all the warmth and love in her young soul.

And then when he had given his love, his heart and soul in love's great sacrament, and had trusted with the faith of a child, naive and lovely—then—then she had betrayed him, had suddenly put out the light as she would have snuffed a candle flame, even more ruthlessly, thoughtlessly, and heedlessly! Gone, gone, she was—gone.

And now he was alone. Quite alone. Oh, God! God? Who was God? God was only an idle image, created by a fable maker! God was a lie; He couldn't help. Why had He let her go? Let her do this thing to him, to herself? They had all lied! God? Ha! God had taken a holiday. Holiday? Yes, he would like to take a holiday, too, like to go away, like to—to die. The grave was a sure thing; sure? Who knows? Oh, heavens! Who knows anything? He only knew that she had gone and left his darkness blacker, more stifling, and more maddening. Oh, padded walls, why live, why be born? It was all so funny, so screamingly ridiculous. Life was a huge joke anyway. Have to laugh at life. Oh ho, so silly—. His laugh rang dangerously unnatural throughout the little house—hollow and metallic in its pretence.

He jerked himself into silence, and mechanically picked up the letter which had fallen to the floor, to reread dumbly, clod-

like, the bit of writing.

"Paul; I must go away. Your books, your library, your house—they all envelop you so and isolate me so. You will not understand, poor Paul—but the plains, the camp fires, the wagon trails are calling. You could not give me what I wanted, and so I go away with Tiolo who will. He is gypsy, too. He understands. You cannot. Your books demand too much of your love. Please do not forget to put milk in Frederica's bowl. Do not try to get me back, Paul! My love for you has disappeared the way camp-fire smoke does in a tall pine forest. I hear the call of the winds that love the gypsies and the trees at night.

Goodbye,

Marguerita."

Books! Books? Why, what were books? Only friends for idle moments and rainy days! And perhaps means of making money to please Rita. Please Rita? Oh, God! Why hadn't he known? Why hadn't he guessed? With all the gay times at Honolulu, New York, Paris, and Deauville, with all their holidays at the shore,—why, how could she say he hadn't loved her enough? Everything—everything, money, romance, adventure, and his love—all that his poor, starved heart could hold—all had been hers. And yet he couldn't give her one thing! Why? Why? Because he wasn't a gypsy, a sneaking, thieving, lying gypsy! He couldn't keep her because she was low and common and vile—Rita? His Rita? Oh, no, no she wasn't like that—she hadn't left him, she hadn't written that lying bit of paper. She couldn't! But there it was in pink and black (how she had loved pink paper), and it was there, right in his hand.

He folded the letter into many squares with tense, stiff fingers; dropped it in the fire. Slowly he lit his pipe. He



couldn't think; he couldn't bear to think; he mustn't think. There had always been disappointments; his boyhood, his manhood, his college days, all were disappointments. Funny he should remember when he was only a little boy, and his mother said he might go to the merry-go-around. How he had looked forward to it! How he had longed to get a prancing steed with a red saddle, and stirrups, real steel stirrups! The days had passed like a funeral line of cars, and then—then he had gone! But all the horses were taken save one with a dirty yellow saddle, the stirrups broken, and one leg gone. He could almost feel again the hot tears as they dropped on his cheeks, and could remember keenly how he had sniffed and choked to keep them back. And his mother had called him ungrateful and a baby. God knew how he had been disappointed, cheated, defrauded!

God know? No, God didn't know; God couldn't when He was taking a holiday! Why, he had even been cheated by God. But he'd show God, he'd show Rita, he'd show that dark-skinned Tiolo; he'd kill Rita, he would kill Tiolo; sadistically he longed to feel his fingers pressing life from the gypsy's smooth brown throat.

Suddenly he found himself outside the drabness of his small brown cottage, found himself in the middle of a wagon trail, headed for the river. Where was he going? Why was he going? What should he do? People always did something when pride was hurt and hearts were stabbed, when souls and all their loveliness were blackened by earth's sordidness; he would be expected to do something. Oh, why wasn't there someone to tell him, some one to help him—some hand to cling to!

Memories of Rita's little brown hand came swooping back—the way she'd hold the pen to write, clasped affectedly between first and second fingers, little finger, held loftily curved. La, what a child she was, such a baby! Why did he have to remember the wild way she had of

stroking his hair backwards, and laughing hilariously—now it seemed, mockingly; and then the way she'd curl up close to him on winter nights, and draw his head down on her cold cheek when thunder roared, and rain fell needle-like against the panes. He had told her it was only the great god Thor playing ten pins, and then, then—why the very memory of it hurt like cutting roses too short—she had cuddled down like a small, tired rabbit and had slept, as trustful and innocent as fathered children. She had been precious, near, necessary to him and his happiness.

A bird flying swiftly across his path brought him suddenly back to the first time when Rita had been deceptive. Funny, he hadn't thought of it as deception then—but it was. He stopped, nodding his head stiffly, yes, it was. It had been very trifling—some one had allowed his pet jay bird to escape, and he accused every one but Rita, who had voluntarily denied it. But some how he had seen through her play, and that night had told her he knew she had done it. She had been so pitiful, standing there in her long white nightgown, tears coursing down flushed cheeks, lips half pouting, and her dark curls forming a halo which gave her the appearance of a sorrowful little angel. And he had kissed her, and laughed; he had adored her so—and thought no more of it. Her smile had been so wistful, so hesitant, coming through the tears. Little things which stung so sharply, now that she had gone, little trifling things, poignant with meaning. Tears showed as he tossed his head back and plodded resolutely onward. This darkness was blinding, maddening, complete—

Suddenly he found himself running—why—he didn't know; only the sweep of the February wind as it struck his face seemed to be real, seemed to clear his head that he might think. Still he did not know what he must do, still the way was not open for action, savage and satisfying, as he intended it to be. God may



have forsaken him, but he'd show God he could do without Him. Let Him take His Holiday! Some God He was, going off on holidays.

He had never thought about God like that before. Even when his home and his mother had failed, there had always been God to cling to. Funny he hadn't found God out before. His faith had been simple and trusting—sure of protection and constant attendance. La, what a fool! It had taken thirty-three years to find out that there wasn't any God, that there wasn't any good in life, that life was nothing but punishment for heaven knew what sins! Heaven! Ha! He laughed as he thought of his former faith. The stones in the road caused him to stumble; clumps of burnt sagebrush obstructed his path like yellow pincushions stuck with black pins. They couldn't stop him though; they couldn't keep him from getting his revenge; what revenge? Oh, yes, he was going to kill Rita, and then that snake of a Tiolo—wife-stealer, love-snatcher, home-breaker, thief!

Unconsciously he began to whisper this word over and over as he ran on nearer and nearer the river. Like a blood-seeking panther, aroused from his lair, this quiet man of books sped forward, muscles tense, lips barely moving, "Thief, thief, thief," like the heavy drone of bees on hot days, steady, steady, on and on—the panther, maddened by wrong.

Like a lazy snake, the river flowed peacefully, indifferently, and inevitably onward. The grey sky let down rain in veritable sheets, causing whirlpools in the placid water below. The green marsh-grass swayed mournfully in the

slight wind. Nature seemed to have dressed for a funeral; he was suddenly struck by the propriety of it all. Subconsciously he felt the rain, saw the grass, and noticed an overturned motor boat, half submerged in the middle of the river. And then—then he saw her, with grief-torn eyes he saw—on the end of a log, half out of water, the limp figure of Rita. Her hair, wet and streaming, lay across her drawn, blanched face. The whiteness of her clinging dress made a perfect shroud for her in death. Like a fragrant water lily she rested easily on the log, moved ever so slightly by the river's current.

Slowly, dumbly as in a haze, he moved toward the log, unmindful of the rain, the mire, and the quacks of alarmed marsh hens. Tenderly he raised her from the water, wiping her hair from her face. He started up the bank with his water-sodden burden.

A smile sacred and holy in its meaning, lighted up the grey of his face. He held her body closer to his heart as though to warm it. He started toward his house, face uplifted, sorrow and gladness mingling in his soul. The peace of relief, of contentment, of a thankful sadness filled his heart. Gone was rebellion, gone his desire for revenge—gone was all the bitterness. Gone was his hatred for God.

The gate creaked familiarly as he opened it, careful of his treasure. God was with him, had been with him all the time. He was sorry to have been so human, skeptical, little. He had been mistaken; God hadn't taken a holiday.

#### CANDLE SHEEN

I never see a candle's sheen  
Against dark polished wood  
But what I cry myself to sleep;  
I often wish I could.  
Candle sheen and shattered hope,  
Candle sheen and heart ache;  
Candle sheen and memories—  
Memories and heartbreak.



# Dar Dey Is!

A ONE ACT PLAY

By ISABEL KINNETT

Setting: A room in a negro shanty, dimly lighted by an oil lamp and the fitful blaze of a pine knot fire.

## CHARACTERS

SALLY-----A Widow of a Week

MANDY-----Sally's Daughter

MR. BROWN-----A Neighbor

THE GHOST

Sally (hovering over the fire): Won't dat jes lak dat good for noughten Ike Smith ter drive dat funeral percession aroun' so tryin' ter show off dat new hurst dat he don git lost an' make my ol' man's corpse er whole hour late git-tin' ter der church? But den my ol' man, Sam, allus wus der percrasternattin' nigger I ebber did see. I reckon he jes' natchully had ter git late ter his own funeral.

MANDY: Mammy, I bet Paw don made it up wid Ike ter brung him in late so it would be er good crowd dar at der church waitin' fer him. You know dat Paw sho did lak ter show off.

SALLY: It jes about ter bus' my heart thinkin' bout yo daddy. He allus hankered ter be der drum major in der ban' stead ob der man dat ca'id der drum. An dar he wus er leadin' dat gran' percession and him lyin dar all kivered up wid flowers so dat he couldn't see hisself.

MANDY: Now don't yer cry, Mammy. Ain't yer got me?

SALLY: I knows I got yer, Mandy. An' yer Daddy allus wus a trial an er tribulation. Ain't I been workin' for 20 years buildin' up dat laundry business, an' yo Daddy don claim all der credit fer it? All der work he ever don wus drivin der wagin whut collects der laundry. An' he wouldn't er don dat efn I hadn't er tol' him dat I wus gonner bus'

him ober der head, efn he don' stop bein' so lazy. I think dat der reason he died. He jes' got so powerful lazy dat he thought it wus work ter breathe. Chile, efn you don' want no trouble, don' eber marry no man-crittur. Dey is jes lak leeches, want ter set comfortable an' let yer s'port dem. I's through wid men all der rest ob my life. I don' care efn I don' eber see no more! Lawsy, dat win' sho do blow.

MANDY: It sounds quair ter me. I's 'bout skert ter pieces. Mammy, do yer sponse dat Paw is eber comin' back lak he don say he is? Whut yer rekin dat wus he kept er tryin' ter ask yer fur jes' 'fo he die?

SALLY: I sho don' know, Mandy, but I sho is nervish. I wish dat win' would stop a-blowin. But ain't dat jes der contrariness ob men ter git yer curiosity up about somethin' an thin ter go an die on yer hands, 'fore yer kin find out whut he's talkin about? Good fo' noughten things, I hope I neber sees er nudder one!

(Knock at the door.)

SALLY: Lawsy, who's dat? Go ter der do, Mandy.

MANDY: I's skert, Mammy.

VOICE: Jes' me, Miss Williams.

(Enter Mr. Brown, nervously handling his cane.)

SALLY: Ev'nin', Mr. Brown. I sho is glad dat yer come ober. Mandy an' me wus jes' sayin' how skert an' lonesome we wus.

MR. BROWN: I jes thought as how I'd better come console wid you an Miss Mandy er while. I spek dat yer is rat lonesome nights now.

SALLY: We sho is. an' we don' been hearing der strangest noises roun' here. It sho is comf'table ter hab er big strong



man lak you aroun'. Draw yer cheer ter der fire so as we kin talk some.

(All gather closely around the little blaze.)

SALLY: Yer know when Sam wus a dyin', he kept tryin' ter tell me somethin'. He says ter me, "Sally, I's jes got ter hab dem kase ol' Lady Luck is 'bout ter leab me flat." He kept moanin' an' groanin', "Sally, honey chile, please fin' dem for me," an' I ses "Fin whut, Sam?" but he don' neber tell me whut he want. Jes' keep sayin' "Fin' dem. I's got ter hab 'em."

MR. BROWN: I calculate dat wus his bones he wus wantin'. A nigger couldn't be happy eben in hea'um efn he didn't hab his bones.

SALLY: Mus' erbeen somethin' else kase I don showed him his bones an he jes shuck his haid an' call on Lady Luck ter help him out.

MANDY: O, Mammy, I's so skert!

SALLY: Hush, Mandy! Don't yer know we is safe wid Mr. Brown ter protect' us?

(Mr. Brown rises and stretches to his full height of five feet four inches.)

SALLY: Dat fire sho' do act quair. It won't burn fo' noughten now. I's heard tell fires do dat way sometimes attar a funeral when der corpse ain't restin' aisy.

MR. BROWN: Maybe der wood is wet.

SALLY: I hopes dat's whut's der matter. I'd hate ter see any sperits walkin' roun' hyar. Mandy, go out ter der shed an' git some wood.

MANDY: Lawsy, Mammy, I'se too skert.

SALLY: Mr. Brown will go wid yer ter hold der light.

MR. BROWN: Miss Williams, it might be bad luck ter leab yer by yerself. Yer better come wid us.

SALLY: All right, an' I kin finish tellin' yer about Sam.

(Mr. Brown picks up the light and they exeunt right.)

(Door opens left. Enter Ghost as the fire flames up.)

(Ghost goes to the mantle, looks in a can, turns the contents out in palm, shakes his head as he slowly replaces contents in the can.)

GHOST: I sho is tired. I ain't neber wurked so hard in all my life. Dat Ole Man sho wants er lot er coal on his ole fire. Ebery time I sets down er minute, long he comes an pokes me up. Dar sho is er lot er lazy niggers down der, I has ter do all de wuk. (Looks on table, then goes to dresser and begins rumaging through the drawers.) I sho wish I could fin' dem, Lady Luck don left me flat. (goes back to the mantle.) I don told dat Ole Man I's got er union card an' ain't s'posed ter wurk attar four er clock. But he say dat card ain't worth two cents down der. I sho wish I was back drivin' dat laundry wagin'. Sally talk er lot, but she ain't got no pitch-fawk!

(Steps heard on the porch. Ghost goes into next room.)

SALLY (entering with armful of wood): Yes suh, he sho did say dat he was er comin' back fer dem.

(Mr. Brown puts light on the table, takes a stick of wood from Mandy's load and pokes up fire. Sally looks at the dresser and screams as she drops her wood.)

MR. BROWN: What's der matter, Miss Williams? Don't be skert, I'se hyar ter perteck yer.

SALLY: Look dar! Somebody sho been hyar!

MANDY: Maybe hits er burglar!

SALLY: No, it ain't, der ain't no tracks on de floor an' its muddy outside.

MANDY (covering up her head): Its er haint!

MR. BROWN: I think dat we oughter stay in hyar, kase efn it's er burglar, he might shoot, en' efn it's er haint, hit'll bring bad luck on yer fer me ter talk ter it. Let's pour some water on de floor, I's heard dat spirits won't walk ober water.

(All gather around the fire and talk in nervous whispers.)



(Enter Ghost.) Looks under pillow on bed, shakes its head. (Exit Ghost.)

SALLY: What's dat? Didn't yer feel er draft?

MR. BROWN (cautiously looking over his shoulder.): I don't see nothin'. Let's talk 'bout som'thin' cheerful.

MANDY: Let's do, I'se so skert.

MR. BROWN: Miss Williums, is yer collected yo insurance yit? Sam don told me dat he was leabin' yer er pile er money 'sides an interest in the laundry bizness.

SALLY: Dat nigger, Sam, got his nerve talkin' erbout leabin me er interest in dat laundry bizness; he sho is got his nerve. 'Bout der insurance, de Agent come ter see me ter day an' atter de funeral is all paid fer me and Mandy'll have 'bout er thousand dollars.

MR. BROWN: Dat sho is er pile ob money fer two women ter hab ter take ker ob. What yer gointer do wid all dat money?

SALLY: Well, we thought us er buy er aught-ter-mobile, Mandy wants one er dem little Fords, what ain't got but one seat, but I'se don set my mind oner she-dan. It gibs yer sech er gran' feelin' ter ride up ter yer friends, house an' ask dem, sort ob elegant-like, efn dey don't want er go ter ride in yer car.

MR. BROWN: Cars costs lots ob money.

SALLY: But we's got lots ob money.

MANDY: Mammy, yer said dat us wus gointer git some new clothes, we sho will need some fur coats in De-troit.

MR. BROWN: Yer ain't gointer leab Georgia, is yer?

SALLY: Well, Mandy is been teasin' ter go north, she wants some real high class soci'ty.

MR. BROWN: But who is gointer take keer ob yer an' all dat money? Yer sho does need er man ter look atter yer an' all dat money. Course, I's a pow'ful busy man, but I does hate ter see er defense-

less woman hab all dat 'sponsibility. Be-in' as me an' Sam was sech good friends, I guess I'se jest got ter go erlong ter look atter you an' dat money. Folks sho is mean up der in De-troit, dey'll steal yo skin efn it ain't on good an' tight. Miss Williums, does yer know dat yer sho is er good lookin' woman? I sho does hate ter see sech er good lookin' woman take all dat money ter De-troit fer dem Yankee niggers ter git. Dey'll come erround pertendin' ter be yer friend, handin' out soft soap an' fore yer know it all yo money don been gone. Miss Williums, I's jest er settin' hyar wonderin' efn yer eber thought 'bout gittin' ma'ried ergin?

SALLY: Well, it sho is right lonesome out er man, yo pipe don make me right homesick for Sam, I guess I might—

MR. BROWN: Den ye'll ma'ry me?

MANDY: Mammy, I thought dat yer say dat yer is thru wid men de rest er yo life?

SALLY: Keep quiet, Mandy, who is talkin' 'bout marryin', me er you?

MANDY: But, Mammy!—

SALLY: Shut yer mouth, Mandy chile, doesn't I know my own mind? Anybody 'ud think yer is jealous ob Mr. Brown's tentions ter me.

MR. BROWN: Seein's we is gointer git married, I guess I better be gwin, kase I ain't gointer hab time ter wurk down at de gerage. I'se gointer go down an tell dem ter git somebody else ter wash de cars, kase I'se gointer be ridin' in er car now!

SALLY: Don't go, seein's now yer is most one ob de family, set down an' let's git 'quainted good.

(Enter Ghost. Goes to bed, looks under mattress and pulls out rabbit foot and a snake rattle and holds them up as Sally faints and Mandy grabs the trembling Mr. Brown around the neck.

GHOST: "O, Lady, come back, dar dey is!

(Curtain)



## "And He Proposed"

By HATTIE MAE TANKERSLEY

"Peggy Moore, you are the luckiest girl I know! How do you rate it?"

"Oh, just let the poor brute think I'm gone on Harold, and he'll do anything for me. Don't you think it's gorgeous? He's a dear himself though."

"A dear? Why, I'd call him a perfect honey! That's what he is."

"Well, I'm going to wear it. It won't mean anything, but I can't resist such a gorgeous frat pin. He's an angel. I know I'll get a bid for the Thanksgiving game, and I bet I go, too. And I'll tell you he ever more knows how to make you have fun. This summer he rushed me to death, and all those specials he's sending now. I know he has it bad, but I'll just let him rock along."

"Oh, the dear."

"The lovely angel!"

"He's scrumptious!"

Maryace raised herself on her elbow and rubbed her eyes. No, it wasn't morning yet, and all night she had been troubled with that distressing dream. Every time she thought of the babble of the afternoon gathering of girls she became desolate. Soon it would be another day, and she would still have no solution to her problem. She looked at the form of the lucky Peggy.

Peggy slept soundly. She didn't have a worry in the world because on her dresser there stood a photograph large and imposing. Under the childish face that smiled from the picture was written "Love, Flumpy." And pinned on Peggy's trim pajamas was the coveted frat pin. What more could any sixteen-year-old freshman at Wesleyan college want?

"I'll just not say anything at all when they discuss the matter," she told herself resolutely. When they say, "Maryace did you ever wear anyone's pin?" I'll just answer very naively, "Why, no, I've

never had my hands on a frat pin in my life."

Maryace groaned aloud; she saw the faces of the girls as they grew quiet, and looked from one to the other. Maybe they wouldn't even be quiet. Peggy would giggle and squeal. Maryace sighed heavily. She must do something before the sun appeared in the window; therefore slowly and deliberately she began to make plans for her popularity. She needed a man and she needed him desperately.

She reviewed the boys at her home. She could not use any of them as her fictitious lover, because they were not romantic. She wanted a boy who had a frat pin and who went to college. Then the thought of Donald Holmes entered her mind.

Donald had been a friend of Sue Meadows. Sue knew him when she was away in boarding school, and she had recited his charms to her young sister, Maryace, many times. Maryace resolved to introduce Mr. Donald Holmes, junior at the University of Georgia, handsome and athletic, to the girls.

Next day Peggy was somewhat surprised to notice Maryace concealing a letter. She asked who wrote the important letter, and Maryace, avoiding Peggy's glance, answered, "Just a friend from Georgia."

"Why, Maryace Meadows, you never told me that you knew anyone at Georgia! What is his name? Tell me all about it!"

For several weeks Maryace managed to drop praises of Donald whenever the girls were discussing the eternal matter—boys. She read lovely snatches from her mother's letters and laughed bashfully. Peggy was usually Mistress of Ceremonies and Maryace did not have to tell very much about Don's appearance, for Peggy



crowned every occasion with a lengthy description of Flumpy.

One night Peggy was all excited. She pranced before the mirror; dressed and re-dressed her hair; powdered her face, and then started over again. Maryace was absorbed in her lessons. She did not intend to dress for dinner.

"I'll just tidy up a little and go as I am," she told Peggy.

"Darling, wear the blue chiffon. It looks so well on you. And use lots of rouge."

"But, Peggy, there's no use to dress up so tonight. I think I'll just wear this. I want to wear the chiffon later. Why are you so anxious anyway? You act as if you have a secret. What is it?"

"Well, I didn't think you'd ever ask me. I know you'll be thrilled when you hear this!"

"Yes, what now? You always are getting pepped up over something. I guess you've heard that some young prof is to have dinner with the president, and you want me to dress for it."

"No, you're wrong now, dear. This time it is something great. Fifteen rah's just for you and me, and mostly just for you."

"Why didn't you say so. What can it be anyway? I'm not interested in anything or anyone but Don. He's the only one that means anything in my young life."

"Well, little girl, your big moment's coming!"

"Huh?"

"I say your big moment's coming. Don, child, Don! Flumpy and Don are coming down tonight."

"Maryace stared at the conspirator with horror.

"You don't mean Donald Holmes of Georgia is coming to Wesleyan tonight?" Her eyes stood on stems. All the perfidy of her deception dawned upon her as she tried to catch the meaning of Peggy's empty prattle.

"Flumpy's father is coming to Macon tonight to the Bankers' association, and they decided to come with him. Flumpy told me he was coming, and I wrote and

told him to bring Don, as he is a good friend of yours. He asked Don, and he said—oh, let me read you what Flumpy says in the letter.

"I asked Don yesterday. I thought I'd surprise him; so I said, 'Don, old man, the game is up!' And Don, who was playing solitaire at the time, looked over his shoulder and said, 'My dear fellow, you're mistaken. I have one more move here.' Then I said, 'Wake up and talk some sense! I mean the woman hater game is up. I know all about the little woman in South Georgia.' He started to deny it, but I didn't give him time. 'Yes, I know all about her, and what do you say if we go to see Misses Peggy Moore and Maryace Meadows next Saturday night?' He sort of looked at me funny as if he didn't understand how I knew, and I explained how Maryace roomed with you and had raved so much about him. He still looked dazed, but I slapped him on the back and said, 'Don't worry, brother, we all get into it sooner or later, and I'll not mention this to a soul if you had rather.' He looked rather relieved. We'll be there, beautiful, with bells on, Saturday night."

"Aren't you thrilled to death?" Peggy stopped long enough to look at the downcast Maryace. "Oh, do get up and dress. I know it's a shock, but you'll have to hurry."

"I just can't see him tonight."

"Oh, you'll do fine, just dress and come on. Wear my new necklace and drops, too, if you want to. I'm thrilled to death!" Peggy seized the frantic Maryace and whirled her around. "Now get busy."

Maryace dressed slowly, and all the time she kept saying to herself, "I can't see him. He must think I'm crazy. Of course, he looked dazed when the stupid Flumpy mentioned me. I can't face him. He'll know I did it because I didn't have anybody else to rave about, and he'll know I'm just a flop." Her face burned as she thought of the poor boy whom she had trapped to save her own feelings.



He couldn't refuse to come because that would have given me away. He's coming just because he's a gentleman, and he had a divine reputation. There he's gone to school three years and earned that reputation for not liking girls and then I come along and spoil it. Well, I'll not see him. I'll explain to Peggy, and she's such a good soul she won't tell. I hope she won't tell, but it would be good enough for me if she did."

She started rehearsing her story to Peggy, but in the midst of her meditations in came Jane and Marjory.

"Peggy! You've told her!" Jane screamed excitedly.

"Yes, she's not out of the daze yet. Just another sleep-walker," she sighed disgustedly and winked from behind the blushing Maryace.

"We're all fixed up for the gala occasion. We're going to look in the parlor doors as we go to the library, and Babs is going in and tell Maryace to come to the telephone. She'll get a good look at them."

Maryace groaned realistically.

"What's the matter? Gee, Maryace, don't care if we do. We won't laugh. I declare I won't let them act silly like they did when Bill came. I was sorry for Kate. I'll punch that Babs good if she tries anything on Don."

"No, I don't mind at all." Maryace said. She couldn't disappoint them after they had planned that much fun.

She dressed carefully and during dinner was very quiet. The girls teased her continually, but she smiled and endured them. In her mind she kept forcing a smile and saying, "Hello, Donald, I'm glad to see you again. How do you do, Flumpy? So nice of you to bring Don with you."

"Never again," she vowed mentally, "Never again for me."

After dinner she rushed back to her room. She looked in her mirror, smiled, raised her hand and said, "Hello, Donald, I'm glad to see you a gain!" Well, I'll not say, "Hello Flumpy, glad to see

you again. I'll say, Apple Dumpling! You're a sight for my po' eyes!"

Maryace looked at the mocking Peggy. "Aple Dumpling indeed."

"They're here, Peg, they're come!"

The yellow mob rushed Peggy and Maryace down the hall. Peggy broke into a run, and as she greeted Flumpy, Maryace heard her exclaim "Apple Dumpling, you're a sight—."

Maryace saw a tall, smiling boy coming toward her. She put out her hand and looked at him with horror on her face and—"Apple Dump—I mean, hello, er how—"

"Hello, Maryace! Gee, you look great! What did you say when you heard I was coming? Isn't Flumpy nice to bring me down? Come here, Flumpy, and meet the lady, and please act civilized."

From the water fount there came the echos of faint giggles and excited whisperings, but Maryace could only hear a voice from miles away saying, "So this is the girl that's been monopolizing the old Don! Glad to meet you, my dear."

Donald talked on and on as they sat in the parlor. He told of the invitation, the trip, his pleasure at coming, and finally Maryace began to feel as if she might explain her deception to this sympathetic person.

"Will you let me tell you why you are in this embarrassing situation? I'm so sorry, and I'm very grateful to you for helping me. I needed someone, and remembered your name."

"Explanations are not in order, young lady, and I believe I understand exactly. At first I was puzzled, but then I remembered your sister used to tell me about you. I knew at once you must have been Sue's sister, for she is the only Meadows girl I knew till now. But that's not important, I'm just glad I came."

"Donald, you'll have to listen to me. You must understand that I did this just for the sake of my pride. I didn't intend to get you mixed up at all. Peg told me



how you are supposed to be a woman hater. I'm miserable about it!"

"Well, to be a little blunt and just a little rude I must say once and for all, I do not wish to discuss the matter further. I am delighted to get to come, and I'd like very much to have you tell me something about yourself."

Maryace felt that her guilt had been removed to a small degree. The entire evening was enjoyable and even the fake telephone call was a success. When Maryace stepped into the hall to answer the telephone, she was surrounded by whispers of admiration. She knew that her lover was highly acceptable.

"Do you mind if I write you? And do you think you could find time to write me once in a while?" Donald asked when she returned. Maryace was overjoyed. She had gained his approval. Donald liked her; and greatest of all she could

now have real letters. No more deceit was necessary because Don was going to write her.

"From now on I'll be absolutely truthful." She promised herself. "Never another teeny weeny story!"

Her intentions were of the best. She truly meant to be open and frank about her life. After Donald had left and as his request to write him rang in her ears, she went back into her room.

The room was filled with girls eager to hear about the grand visit.

"Oh, how was he? What did he say?" Cries from all around demanded to know about Don.

Maryace's good intentions fled. Her resolution forsook her as she thought of his question. "Just one more biased statement," she thought, and answered, "Oh, he proposed tonight."





## Blizzards

By RUTH COX

Esther leaned back in her comfortable chair and gazed out of the window. The setting sun spread a golden glow over the fields of wheat stubble and brown corn stalks. As she watched the golden glow change into a deep rose, she noticed that a dark storm-cloud had appeared in the north. Rapidly it was covering the whole sky. The wind began to blow. Esther got up from her chair, laid another piece of wood on the fire and lit the kerosene lamp. By this time, the snow was falling and the wind was whistling around the house—the first icy blow of winter.

There was a knock at the door downstairs. Esther heard her father slowly get up from his couch and open the door. As she did not recognize the voice of the visitor, she decided that it was someone who had gotten caught in the blizzard and had stopped in for the night. She began reading again, but suddenly stopped to listen to what was being said when the clear voice of the visitor became louder in what seemed to be excitement or enthusiasm. "Indiana," "land grant in western Nebraska," and "get a good wife" were the only words the girl could understand; but those were enough. She dropped her book on the bed and hastily made her simple toilet. Just before she started downstairs, she looked again at the letter on the table and then at an enlargement of a handsome youth hanging on the wall over her dressing table. Smiling, she went down the narrow stairs to the living room.

As she entered, the stranger arose awkwardly. Mr. Frisbie made the introduction brief: "Mr. Edward Wilson, my daughter, Esther." For a long moment they stood facing each other, without saying a word. Finally Esther

laughed pleasantly and said, "It looks as though the storm had caught you some distance from home. Where do you live, anyway?"

Her father did not give the rather embarrassed youth a chance to answer. "He has been living on his father's farm in Indiana, Esther. He felt that God had more work for him to do farther west; and so he is going to meet the Rassers at Superior as soon as the last snows have melted next spring. He is going to western Nebraska with them. I've been thinking for some time that I needed a young man to help me with the chores around the farm and to go to town when the weather is bad and attend to my business at the bank. I fear I won't be able to make those two miles on bad days. While we've been talking here, I've decided that this lad is the very one I want. He can stay with us until he is to meet the Rassers."

"That will be nice. I must go help fix supper now," Esther said self-consciously, as she arose to go to the kitchen. She had become somewhat embarrassed by the constant stare of her father's newly employed helper. She was used to being looked at everywhere she went. In fact, she expected it. She realized that she was beautiful and that she dressed as well or better than anyone else in town. As the only child of a well-to-do farmer and banker, she had almost everything the life of a small town could offer.

By the time supper was over, Esther had decided that Edward was a pretty nice fellow after all. While helping with the dishes she confided in the hired girl: "Sally, don't you think Mr. Wilson—I wish I dared call him Edward—is real nice? He has such a sweet smile! I'm glad he's going to help father this win-



ter. Father can be at home so much more then, and I won't have to be alone so much. Won't that be fine?"

One evening late in December, Esther was sewing on a quilt and her father was reading beside the fire when Edward came in from doing some chores out in the barn. He sat down with them and began to read a book he had started the night before. Esther dropped her needle for a moment. Why was Edward so quiet tonight? He had hardly greeted her when he entered. Recently they had been on especially good terms and had talked a great deal. Afraid that something was wrong, she dared not break the silence.

At eight-thirty, the hired girl came in to help Mr. Frisbie to bed. Edward's eyes met Esther's as Mr. Frisbie left the room. They seemed to plead with her. For fully a minute, neither said anything. "Esther," the embarrassed youth finally said rather slowly as if he were wondering what he would say next, "don't you think it would be great if you went out to Nebraska with me?" He paused more from lack of breath than from waiting for an answer. She looked at him almost protestingly; but before she could utter a word he continued, "Please say you will. I could not face a winter out there with all its hardships without you. We could be married just before I am to meet the Rassers. It wouldn't be long before we could build a real house. One year in a dug-out would not be so bad! We could have a pretty home out there. The Republican river runs along one edge of the land we—I am to have. This isn't a crazy notion of mine; I've thought about it for a long time, but haven't had the courage to say it. I love you!" His face was red and his muscles tense in his excitement.

"I—I hardly know what to say—Oh Ed, think of father. There's no one to take care of him except the hired girl."

"But he has already said that he thought he could get that Mrs. Osburn to come and keep house for him." Ed-

ward did not tell her that her father had also said, "I think you'll make a fine husband for my daughter. I don't like that fellow she thinks she is in love with. He hasn't the spirit of adventure—the true pioneer spirit. When I came to this place with my bride thirty-four years ago, there wasn't even a railroad here. Now look at the town! We helped to build it." He had been silent a moment, as he talked to the boy. Brushing away a tear with the back of his hand, he had continued, "Yes, if I were a few years younger, I'd go out there with you."

"Please, Esther, give me your answer."

"This is all too sudden," she said playfully. "Give me a little time to think it over. You can't expect me to give you an answer as soon as you propose!" The thing was not really so sudden, however. Esther had been expecting the question for nearly two weeks. And yet she was not ready to tell him her answer. The idea of going west had always fascinated her. She really did love Ed a whole lot, too.

As the fire died down, Esther and Edward planned of all the things they were going to do. Edward did most of the talking. He hardly seemed the same youth that had silently entered the room some three hours before. His eyes shone with intense excitement and happiness in the red glow of the firelight. As he talked, he seemed not to realize fully what he was saying. Esther nestled among the cushions close beside him. Long ago her needle work had been laid aside. Her brown eyes were bright with interest.

Edward interrupted their dreams. The fire was almost out. He got up to put on more wood, but she placed a restraining hand on his arm. "It's getting late; we must go to bed now. I will talk over our plans with father in the morning." He put his large hand tenderly on her small, white one; his eyes, pleading, looked into hers for a long moment.

In her own room, she threw herself on the soft bed—too excited to undress. For



a long time she lay there and dreamed of a pretty little cottage surrounded with poplars and cedars. Beyond the cool shade of the yard, lay vast fields of golden grain waving in the sunshine. She had hired some one to do all the housework for her and she could be with Ed in the pretty hammock in the yard, visit with her neighbors, or make beautiful quilts. Two or three little children played about the yard. Finally, she got up to undress. A frown came over her pretty face as her eyes rested on the big, gilt-framed picture of the handsome youth she used to love. Only a moment the frown remained. A sneering smile took its place.

All the plans were made and everything was ready for the wedding, which was to take place early in May. Then an accident occurred! Mr. Frisbie fell and broke his leg. Esther felt that she could not leave her father in this condition, for he would probably be in bed at least a month. Mr. Frisbie decided that it would be better for Ed to go on with the Rassers, get everything ready, and then come back after Esther. He wanted his daughter to have a big wedding; so he also decided that they would put off the wedding until Ed came back, and he would be able to see that everything was done just right.

As the new moon dropped gently behind the horizon, Ed and Esther sat on the porch talking. The middle of May had come all too soon for both of them. The air had not lost all of its wintry chill, but the last snows had melted and things were beginning to show signs of spring. Esther broke the silence that had followed the disappearance of the moon. "I wish you didn't have to leave me tomorrow."

The youth could not answer for several moments. "Mr. Frisbie thinks it is best. I believe we should do as he says. I do wish, though, that I were leaving my bride instead of a sweetheart."

"Another one of father's bright ideas." She smiled wistfully as he took her hand in his. "But maybe he knows best!"

"It won't be long before I can come back to get the sweetest girl I know."

"Each day really will seem a year, Ed, but I could wait a thousand years for you if necessary," she said earnestly.

"Esther, Mr. Rasser told me this afternoon that we will be over a hundred miles from the nearest railroad. Of course, I can write to you just before I get there, but it will be almost autumn before I can possibly get over to Guide Rock to mail another letter to you."

The girl frowned. "Then I can't get a letter from you, and you can't get one from me in over four months!" This idea cast a darker shadow over their already clouded hearts.

"But I'll have that little picture of you—that will help." Taking his watch from his pocket, he opened the back and looked at the picture of a pretty face smiling at him. He pressed the picture against his lips and returned the watch to its place. Not satisfied with kissing a mere picture, he took the original in his arms.

Six weeks later, Edward mailed a long letter to Esther at Guide Rock, the last railroad town they would pass through. He looked back with a sad heart upon the little town as they continued their journey westward. He knew it would be late September before he could return to get word from his sweetheart.

As soon as they reached their destination, the Rassers cut some of the cottonwoods along the bank of the river and began to build a log cabin. Edward helped them quite a bit when he was not planting his crops. So anxious was he to get these in the ground that he did not take time to build even a dug-out. He lived in his wagon. The letter part of July, he began on his dug-out. It had only one room, about ten feet by twelve. Each day he lightened his work by planning how he would build a pretty little frame house for Esther on the small knoll that overlooked the winding river. The evenings, he shortened by writing to Esther, fixing his one room more comfortable, or going to Mrs. Rasser to talk



things over. She was helping him plan the furnishings of the cottage he was going to build the next summer.

The day after he had harvested the last of his rather small crops—they had been planted too late to be the best—Edward began preparations for his journey to Guide Rock. He packed his gun, some shells and powder, a little smoked meat, and an extra shirt in the wagon with some of his wheat and vegetables that he was going to trade for things he would need during the winter. In a little packet beside him were most of the letters that he had written to Esther since he had arrived in Nebraska.

At the post office in Guide Rock, three thick letters from Illinois awaited him. They had all been there for a long time. Edward tore open the envelopes with trembling fingers. He read the letters rather hastily, and then transacted his business as soon as possible. On the road home, he re-read again and again the words written by the one he loved, trying to shorten the tiresome and lonely ride under the brilliant September sun. By the time he reached Exeter—the name given their little settlement by Mr. Rasser—he was almost sick from his week's trip. Nevertheless, he began immediately his preparations for the winter. He had heard from Esther. She was well and happy, but very lonesome.

Edward found plenty to keep him busy most of the time during the winter. The blizzards were especially bad during January; but spring arrived on time. This year his seed could be planted early and his harvest would be large enough to pay for the lumber of the cottage. Carefully he planted each seed and almost tenderly he watched the first small shoots appear and grow to maturity.

One day late in June, Edward noticed a peculiar cloud in the west. It grew darker as it came closer. Half an hour later, thousands of grasshoppers began hopping around in the fields. Edward covered some of his small bushes and trees with sacks, blankets, and anything else he could find. When he looked out

of the tiny window in his dug-out, he found that the grasshoppers had eaten his sacks and blankets, as well as most of the leaves on his bushes, the pride of his heart. For three days the pests ravaged every green thing. The morning of the fourth day, the sun shone brightly on the utterly desolate fields; not a single green leaf remained.

After a long talk with the men that had moved to the neighborhood, it was decided that Ed and Mr. Rasser should go to Guide Rock and get some seed for next year as soon as possible. Several of the families were forced to go back east; but Ed would not—could not give up!

Again he took a packet of letters to be mailed to Esther. His heart missed a beat when the man at the post office told him that there was no mail for him. What could it mean? He could not make himself tell his friend about it. Mr. Rasser, however, realized that something was wrong; but, knowing that it would do no good to ask questions, pretended not to notice the change that had come over Edward.

The night they arrived home, Ed got Mrs. Rasser in a room alone and confided in her. "She did not write—at least I didn't get a letter from her." A tear trickled down his cheek.

"There, there, my boy, don't worry about it. The mail service isn't good out here, you know. You are tired and discouraged over the crops now. Buckle down and get to work again. Next summer you can build the cottage and then the next fall you can go back to Illinois and get her."

Ed took out his watch and looked at the picture in the back while they talked some time longer. At the end of the conversation, he kissed the rather worn picture and returned his watch to his pocket. He promised faithfully not to worry about Esther.

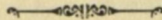
In spite of Mrs. Rasser's optimism, it was the first day of October two years later when Ed told his friends good bye and, with a light heart, locked up



the little cottage that stood on a shady knoll overlooking the river.

One of the worst blizzards Illinois had seen in several years was raging outside. The snow fell so heavily that even if it had been daytime, it would have been impossible to see across the street. The wind whistled around the buildings. The blizzard, however, had little effect on the gay dinner party that was taking place at the Frisbie's. Several of the families had gathered together for a social. The storm had caught them and they would be forced to impose upon Mr. Frisbie's hospitality for at least one night. After dinner was over, they all gathered around the crackling open fire. The fire reflected its glow on the large circle of happy faces. Esther seemed especially happy. Later in the evening, they all quieted down somewhat and some of the men began to tell stories. A cold

breath of air blew through the room. The side door slammed. As someone got up to see what the trouble was, the tall figure of a half-frozen man entered the room. He brushed the snow from his shoulders, took off his cap and coat as he advanced eagerly toward the circle—toward Esther. Everyone became silent as the firelight fell on the face of Edward Wilson. Esther paled. Edward stopped short. He realized that something was wrong. A little two-year-old girl quietly crowded into Esther's lap and pressed childish hands against her face. Her voice rang out in the silence, "Mamma, get gran'pa to make dat man go way." With his clear blue eyes, Edward searched Esther's questioningly. He bowed his head, turned, and slowly walked out into the blizzard from which he had come!



### SUMMER PROM

Japanese lanterns are swaying in the trees,  
A dreamy waltz song echoing thru the trees.  
Stars by the millions twinkling up in the sky,  
And we're along together, just you and I.  
To be alone together, one hour apart we two,  
Is like a shaft of sunlight piercing the blue,  
Is as a full blown rose plucked with the morning dew.

### DESPAIR

Despair—too deep for tears or words,  
Too deep to hear the song of birds,  
Or feel the instincts of a fighter,  
Or feel tomorrow will be brighter.  
Too dark to try to look on high,  
To see the glory in the sky,  
To shyly throw a glance at heaven,  
And feel a strong response vibration  
That comes from God.  
Despair, that has become the master  
Of a heart—it can't beat faster,  
For the world is all in all—  
It does not see ahead its fall.  
Then the dawn of newer day.  
Despair? Ah, it is thrown away,  
In it all, no thought of God.  
Will Christ always plead for us  
"Forgive—they know not what they do?"

—Edith Tarver, '33.



## EDITORIAL

*Permanently Twelve Years Old?*

“THEY’RE beautiful, inarticulate young idiots!” exclaimed Edna Ferber of American youth. She was returning from her trip abroad and was impressed by the “youth movements” she had observed in Europe.

“I don’t mind their gin-drinking;” what matters is this: When their elders lack the grit to stand up against racketeers and cheap politicians, when there are such evils as war to be abolished, when the world is falling to bits around them, they never get any further than football and wise-cracking. This is true of youth nowhere else in the world. When any eighteen-year-old French garage mechanic can talk about reparations or the economic situation in Europe, American college boys and girls have absolutely no serious discussion. The young folks on the boat, seventeen or thirty, go ramping and tramping up and down like children. Their conversation is rubber-stamp, ‘Oh yeah?’ and the like. The young folks are all we have, and they won’t use their heads. They’re twelve years old—permanently! This is the essence of the bomb Miss Ferber threw from the deck of the *Isle de France*, a bomb which resulted in explosions of protest on all sides.

Miss Ferber’s tirade rather reflects on the young people around her during the voyage. Some unusual dose of flippancy and light-headedness must have shocked her into the broad severity of her remarks. What’s the answer? Maybe the boys and girls on the boat belonged to the habitually rowdy, time-wasting class. Then why expect more of them than of older people of the same type? Or maybe the young folks were merely on their vacation. Who could tell but that they had serious thoughts back in their heads. They may not have been as articulate as their French cousins Miss Ferber had left on the other side. But, then, when such gaiety as an ocean trip is in line, American youth feels it a little uncalled-for to be bringing up the sad problems of a troubled world. One would hardly expect the young folks to spend their trip sitting in somber groups discussing politics and religion.

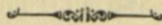
Whatever may have been the explanation of the atmosphere aboard ship, Miss Ferber certainly does American youth injustice in accusing them *en masse* of childish oblivion to everything serious. The only place in the United States where college boys and girls are constantly in one big tumultuous, frivolous riot is the “college life” moving picture. Elsewhere, what keeps them too busy either for more mischief or for more practical, up-to-date thinking is their struggle to hold down their own point of the industrial system or to keep swimming in the old school-curriculum marsh. Their tendency, however, is towards constructive thought. College courses in economics are crowded. If there is ever enthusiasm in a class at Wesleyan college, it is in the semester of fresh-



man English which presents to the pupil **Challenging Essays in Modern Thought**. Girls who glide through Livy, Pathagoras, and Wordsworth with drooping eyes open them wide and even make surprising original contributions in this class. It seems that reality is what youth craves, what it seeks to grapple with through mists of time-honored bosh.

In the light of Miss Ferber's criticism, it is interesting to read of the World's Alliance of Young Men's Christian Associations, which met at Cleveland in August. Thirty thousand American boys subscribed \$22,000 to help bring several hundred delegates from foreign countries. In the five-day program at Cleveland, discussion ranged from Bible Study to war guilt and seemed to center especially around the economic crisis and disarmament. The Young Men's Christian Associations of North America adopted as their business creed a rather daring statement of social ideals embodying Christian principles. Universal opportunity for self-maintenance, protection of laborers, gradual reduction of hours and adoption of the five-day week, the right of organization for both employees and employers, and social insurance are among the ideals incorporated in this creed, which every member pledged himself to forward in his own business relations. Turning from the depression problem, the conference expressed itself emphatically on the subject of disarmament and called on the Geneva delegates to bring about drastic limitation of arms at once. At the same time the conference delved into the causes of international fear and friction, as implied by the existence of armaments.

Here is one picture of American youth leading a world movement to tackle the general crisis. American boys and girls are not dodging the issues; they simply do not expect to revolutionize the world in a minute by inexperienced spirit. Neither do they intend to leave off all gaiety and light-hearted amusement in the meantime. We would like to ask Miss Ferber if this proves they are "beautiful young idiots."



## Charles Dickens and His Oldest Friend

IN 1832, nearly one hundred years ago, Charles Dickens began a correspondence that lasted until his death in 1870. This correspondence was with Thomas Beard, his oldest friend. Their friendship was formed when they were young reporters in the Gallery of the House of Commons. Sir Henry Dickens, last surviving child of the author, has finally consented to the publication of these letters. In them we meet Dickens, the real man and true friend. We find Dickens's racy and delightful style. Lurking behind the corners we discover that playful nymph, Dickens's genius, suddenly grinning in an incomparable description for the benefit of a single friend.

Dickens's friendship with Beard began when he was nineteen and just starting as a reporter. These friends remained the same throughout life in spite of the increasing fame of the one and the comparative obscurity of the other. Dickens in a letter to Beard shows his own emotion towards their friendship. "There may be something of selfishness

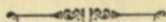


in this: for one never values friends so highly as in seasons of adversity, when their loss would be most felt." Just before the writing of this letter Dickens's father had been imprisoned for lack of means by which to pay his debts. It was to Thomas Beard that Dickens was able to go at this trying time for financial aid.

In his letters to Beard we find out some of the things that Dickens had to endure as reporter of the Morning Chronicle. He describes quite excitingly a stage coach race he had with the reporter of The Times. These papers were deadly rivals, it seems. Dickens won the race by strategy and his inimitable sense of humor. Then again we read of a dreary Sunday afternoon spent in Chelmsford. He writes, "The only book I have seen here is one which lies upon the sofa. It is entitled *Field Experiences and Evolution of the Army*, by Sir Henry Torrens. I have read it through so often that I am sure I could drill one hundred recruits from memory."

It was the death of Mary Hogarth, Charles Dickens' young sister-in-law, that was the greatest sorrow of his life. She was the prototype of many of Dickens's gentle young heroines. Her memory was sacred to him, we know, for he wrote to Thomas Beard, "Thank God she died in my arms, and the very last words she whispered were of me. I solemnly believe that so perfect a creature never breathed. I knew her inmost heart, and her real worth and value. She had no fault."

Throughout all of these letters privately written to a single friend we meet Charles Dickens—not Charles Dickens, the famous novelist, but Charles Dickens, the son, the lover, the husband, the brother, the friend.



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# LAVENDER

## FORGETTING

I thought I had forgotten all that was;  
 I thought the pain had left my aching  
 heart;  
 I tried so hard to push all thought away  
 from me;  
 And somehow it was failure from the  
 start.  
 I shut my eyes to sunsets—they brought  
 memories;  
 I shunned the sight of lakes—blue  
 as your eyes.  
 I never could hear music without think-  
 ing—  
 So much to be forgotten—so many little  
 ties.  
 I'd found a sort of happiness at last,  
 Something to fill my emptiness of soul,  
 Till one day wreathed in smoke from a  
 curling log,  
 Your face smiled into mine and left me  
 cold.  
 At first there only was an awful numb-  
 ness,  
 A numbness split with searing pain;  
 And now the dread task faces me—  
 The task of just forgetting once again.

—Ida Young, '33.

## BECAUSE

Because the light once drew a halo round  
 your hair  
 And touched your face with shadows of  
 the night;  
 Because it made me see you as you might  
 have been,  
 Because you were so lovely—all in white,  
 Today within my pain-numbed heart  
 I hold  
 The ashes of a dead love—grey and  
 cold.

—Ida Young, '33.

## IF YOU

If you should prove me wrong, my dear,  
 Who put my trust in you.  
 I'd never see another moon  
 Make silver of the dew.  
 I'd live among my memories  
 And shut my heart to life;  
 I'd dwell apart, for then I'd see  
 The game not worth the strife.

## EVENING

Smoke drifting away—trees,  
 Crickets crooning, sighing breeze,  
 A star, a moon, a cloud rifted,  
 Subtle odors creeping—sifted  
 From fragrant leaves.

—Virginia Miller, '33.

## THE DAY AT BIRTH

The first rosy petals of the blossoming  
 dawn  
 Were pushing their gray sepals,  
 And softly the miracle of the unfolding  
 bud  
 Was written across the Eastern sky.  
 When a new day, beautiful, and fresh  
 like a full-blown rose,  
 Was dropped from the heavenly turrets  
 To the night-shrouded earth.

—Roberta Cason, '32.

## RAIN

Rain, wet fields, earth,  
 Grass, crisp in winter,  
 Flowers ready for the drink,  
 Nature, fresh, rivers.  
 Heavens, gray, bleak,  
 Clouds, spilling over,  
 Winds, whipping all before.  
 Cold air, discomfort.  
 Thoughts, sad snatches,  
 Memory, pain, grief,  
 Longing for sun, comfort,  
 Hoping for hope, peace.

—Edith Tarver, '33.



## BOOKSHELF

*"Shadows on the Rock"*

By WILLA CATHER

Reviewed by Betty Hunt

"This headland was scarcely more than a crag where for some reason human beings built themselves nests, and held fast."

Such is the theme of Willa Cather's new novel, *"Shadows on the Rock."* This is the story of the opening of a new land—of hardy pioneers who rudely tore up by the roots their substantial, comfortable homes in the old world to transplant them, bruised and jagged, on a foreign shore. It is the story of the settling and building up of a new France—Canada.

The action takes place around 1697 in what was at that time the mere village of Quebec. The main character—the character around which the story moves, is Cecile Auclair, a mere child of twelve. When she was still an infant, her parents had left their happy though impoverished home in France to go with their patron, whose apothecary Cecil's father was, to the new France. In time the mother died, leaving Cecile to take care of her father.

As for the plot—there is none. Nothing ever happens. When the reader lays aside the book, he feels that what he has witnessed is not a series of startling events at all, but merely a cross-section of life as it was really lived. Daily events and both legendary and historical incidents are brought in to add the interest not supplied by the direct action. The novel is in no sense of the word powerful; its lack of action prevents that. But it may rather be classified as chiefly quiet.

The beauty of the book lies in the language that the writer uses. A careful

selection of words from a vocabulary stocked with a surprising richness, makes her descriptions unusually brilliant. Her outstanding style characteristic in this book is her use of color. Almost like an artist with a brush she paints her scenes, making constant use of such words as azure, gold, orange, red, silver, amethyst, and turquoise. One feels at times a straining for effect, but the effect is undeniably there.

The Catholic church plays an important part in this tale of a new land. Here in a wilderness, far away from the land of their birth, these people feel a deep need for the guiding hand of God. Their priests, nuns, and bishops played such a role in the lives of these pioneers, that the story would be incomplete without the author's skillful weaving of religion and daily living. The religious characters are depicted from a sympathetic, unbiased standpoint. Their weaknesses are not overlooked, but neither are they stressed. They are treated as true human beings.

The story could almost be classified as psychological, since it revolves around one character, yet one would hesitate to call it that as there is no great change which takes place in Cecile. To be sure she begins to grow up, but the book ends with the beginning of her adolescent transition.

An epilogue, anti-climatic in its effect, tells more than all the remainder of the book. It reports the marriage of Cecile and thus furnishes the expected happy ending. Otherwise the tale is uneventful though interesting.



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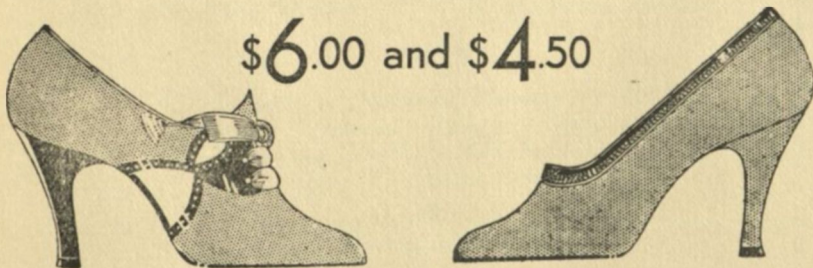
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